

Rules

The Rule of One

Missing my coat
in Florida. It's

warming some recipient
of Northern Charity.
I need it back. O

I could bring a photo
to my favorite store
and they could uncover

a duplicate. But not
the particular coat.
Never, ever, the particular.

The Rule of Two

A cat occurs on my sofa,
just a wispy white cravat
breaking her midnight black.

Gather unto docile arms
and out the door. Upon my

immediately returning, she's there
again. Or twin. Or something mystic.

I don't speculate but just reprise action. What-
ever. There's a Rule of Two in some removals.

If that's broken, and she's once more there,
the universe, itself, is massively adjusting.